to the first terrace above the cluster of cabins. To penetrate into the canyon one had to wade through the river and make frequent detours through the woods, but Emma was tireless and fearless. It was fun for both of us to stroll in the virgin forest, finding the path by the sound of the waterfalls. In the evenings we read together, and I discovered that she read poetry beautifully. We had a small book of poems of Rabindranath Tagore in a Russian translation, and I shall always associate these poems with the blackness of the Arshan log cabin, a solitary candle on an unpainted wooden table, and stars glittering through the holes in the walls and the ceiling.

On the Baikal we bought a fisherman's boat with a flat bottom and two pairs of oars—a luxuriously spacious vessel for two. I built a canopy of green birch branches at the stern for Emma and a hearth in the middle of the boat. We also fixed a sort of Frigidaire at the bow—a bucket covered with towels soaked in the ice-cold river water. In this boat we leisurely traveled downstream for about twenty days, stopping in villages for a night's rest and to replenish our provisions and stretch our legs.

The Angara is perhaps the most beautiful of the great Siberian rivers. It has the most limpid water and its bottom is covered with variegated pebbles. On its shores dark virgin forests alternate with verdant fields. On some of its islands woods have been cleared to yield space to meadows. Its villages are larger and wealthier than those on the Lena and face a road, with back yards of the houses and truck gardens descending to the river. Our trip included an element of exploration. Before leaving Irkutsk, I had arranged with a Petrograd newspaper to write half a dozen articles about the impact of war on the Siberian village. We talked with the peasants, visited fields abandoned by soldiers' wives, occasionally observed the distribution of meager allowances to soldiers' families. People were bitter about the war and the government.

We would halt at a village after dusk, drag the boat up and secure it on the shore, climb up to the road and knock at the windows of one of the more substantial houses. At some there was no answer for fear of vagabonds, but once we were let in we were treated like welcome guests. Beds would be prepared for us or hay sacks laid on the floor in the living room, a samovar would appear on the table and, despite the late hour, we would be offered a hot meal. In the morning we got breakfast and provisions for the day: fresh buns, hard-boiled eggs, butter, milk, cottage cheese, and occasionally a pie with fish caught that very night. On leaving, we gave a silver ruble (half a dollar) to our hosts, and they thanked us, bowing, for such generosity.

One Sunday the sun was high when we were leaving the village.